Serfojee Rajah. 1823

THE

Lady's Magazine;

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

for the

FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XXXIX for the YEAR 1808.

LONDON.

Printed for G. ROBINSON,

N.º 25 Paternoster Row.

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FOR JANUARY, 1808.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. An elegant FRONTISPIECE.
2. PORTRAIT of SIR SIDNEY SMITH.
3. Fashionable AFTERNOON and FULL DRESS.
4. A new and elegant PATTERN for a HALF-HANDKERCHIEF, or VEIL.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are sorry W. M. T.'s letter came too late for the insertion of the piece he mentions in the *Supplement;* he will find it in the present Number.

Mr. Webb's Walk VI. and his Elegiac Lines in our next.

The communications of Caroline, Celestina, and T. C. are intended for insertion.

The Editor will be much obliged to the ingenious Authoress of the *Sketches from Nature* to favour him with her address, a mistake having occurred with respect to a small part of her manuscript.

ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE revolution of another year has brought the return of that season which imposes on us the pleasing duty of addressing, with the sincerest expressions of gratitude, those to whose candid and truly-liberal encouragement and support we are so much indebted, and whose approbation we have made every exertion, and, as we are extremely happy to find, not unsuccessfully, to obtain.

The LADY'S MAGAZINE, through the whole of the long period during which it has now been published, has not deviated from its original plan. It has constantly continued a vehicle for useful instruction and innocent amusement. It has been an asylum for the fugitive pieces produced by female genius, whether in its first dawn, or when arrived at more perfect maturity; and with many of these, of very considerable merit, it has occasionally been honoured. Of this the novels now publishing in it from time to time, all of which are the production of ingenious ladies, are a sufficient proof. Numerous, likewise, are the pieces of original and ingenious poetry which it has ushered into the world, and of which we have lately received many from various Correspondents; some of whom have long favoured us with their pleasing productions, while others have more recently commenced a communication with us. To these we wish to express our utmost gratitude for favours long continued, and our

thankfulness for those more lately begun to be bestowed or promised. To our Correspondents in general we are, indeed, deeply indebted, and to them all we wish to make our most sincerely grateful acknowledgments.

With respect to those among them whose contributions may have occasionally been suppressed, we wish to observe, as we have frequently done before, that they are not therefore to conceive themselves to be neglected, or contemptuously slighted. Our communications are extremely numerous, and therefore selection is necessary: frequently, likewise, many good thoughts and ingenious poetical lines are rendered unfit for insertion by one or two defects, the fruit of inattention or impatience. In such a case we wish to give the writers an opportunity to correct what they have written, and render it more worthy of themselves and the attention of the public. Let them not be discouraged, but stimulated to make new and more careful exertions; and they will seldom have to complain of a too rigorously-critical severity in the exclusion of their pieces.

We now commence the THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, encouraged and emboldened by the distinguishedly-favourable reception it has lately been honoured with, and the numerous new and ingenious contributions it has received, to assure with confidence our FAIR PATRONESSES and the Public in general, that our attention and exertions shall continue unremitted to merit the highly flattering approbation with which we have so long been honoured.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1808.

Biographical Memoirs of Sir William Sidney Smith, Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

[*With his Portrait elegantly engraved.*]

SIR William Sidney Smith is the eldest son of captain Smith, who resides, in a vigorous and truly-respectable old age, in a villa near Dover. Captain Smith, in the war of 1756, accompanied lord George Sackville as his aid-de-camp, but quitted the service soon after the termination of the court-martial which condemned the conduct of his noble friend at Minden. His son, William Sidney, was born in the year 1764, in the parish of St. Anne, Soho, and received the rudiments of education at Tunbridge school, under the superintendence of the celebrated Vicesimus Knox.

When about nine years of age, being removed to Bath, he was placed under the tuition of Mr. Morgan of that city.

Being of an enterprising and adventurous disposition he chose the sea-service as his profession, and shortly after his entering into the navy we find him on board the Sandwich, commanded by captain Young. He was rapidly promoted. In 1780 he was on board the Alcide of 74 guns, in the rank of fifth lieutenant; from which he was advanced to be commander of the Fury of 18 guns, on the Jamaica station. On May 7, 1783, he was made a post-captain, and appointed to the command of the Nemesis, a frigate of 28 guns.

Sir John Carr, to whom we are indebted for several curious particulars of sir Sidney's life, relates, in his 'Northern Summer,' the following anecdote of this brave commander in his early years.—Sir Sidney, observes he, in that work, forming one of my favourite heroes, I will run the hazard of being blamed for deviating from my narrative a little, and for detaining the reader an extra moment to relate a singular prepossession he felt, when a youth, of his fame, and the theatre of his future glory, which has just occurred to my memory. Being

sent, some years since, on shore with a brother officer, who is now holding a deservedly-high situation in the service, to look for some deserters from their ship, after a long, fatiguing, and fruitless pursuit, they halted at a little inn to refresh themselves. Having dined, sir Sidney, on a sudden became silent, and seemed lost in meditation — 'My dirk for your thoughts,' exclaimed his friend, gently tapping him on the shoulder, 'what project, Sidney, has got possession of you now?' — 'My good fellow,' replied the young warrior, his expressive countenance brightening as he spoke, 'you will, no doubt, suppose me a little disordered in my mind; but I have been thinking that before twelve years shall have rolled over my head, I shall make the British arms triumphant in the Holy Land. There seems no reason to question the authenticity of this anecdote, and the prediction was certainly remarkably fulfilled.

After the peace of 1783 the Nemesis, of which, as has been said, sir Sidney had the command, was ordered home to England, and put out of commission. A state of inactivity, however, was insupportable to the active and ardent mind of our hero; and a rupture being soon expected to take place between Sweden and Russia, he, in 1788, applied for and obtained permission to enter into the service of the former. On the commencement of this war an attempt was made by the Swedish admiral to destroy the Russian fleet in its own harbour; and toward the latter end of April 1790, the grand fleet of Sweden, consisting of twenty-three ships of the line, and eighteen frigates, under the command of the duke of Sudermania, sailed for Revel, in which port a division of the Russian fleet was riding at anchor. The Russians thinking themselves secure, and sufficiently protected by the inclemency of the weather, neglected the proper means of defence, and the Swedish admiral was enabled to enter the harbour and destroy a great part of the Russian fleet. The duke of Sudermania appears to have proved himself on this occasion a very able naval commander. 'The duke of Sudermania,' said sir Sidney Smith, speaking of this engagement, 'is almost the only man alive who in the midst of a battle knows what he is about; he knows how to wait for his purpose, and therefore will seldom miss it.' The king (Gustavus the Third) afterward assumed the command of the Swedish fleet.

The Swedes now found it necessary to return to their own harbours. In the mean time the Cronstadt division of the Russian fleet had sailed to the assistance of the squadron at Revel, and the Russians, thus coming between the Swedish fleet and its ports, seized a narrow pass through which their antagonists intended to make their retreat. In this situation the Swedish sovereign called a council of war to take the opinion and advice of his officers. At this council sir Sidney was present; but as a foreigner, had no right to deliver any opinion. The king, however, observing the impatience visible in his countenance, said, 'Let us hear what this Englishman advises.' Sir Sidney, without hesitation, advised forcing the passage of the straits in which the Russian fleet was drawn up in a line on each side. This measure was adopted, and executed with so much success, that

the Swedes regained their harbours without any considerable loss.

No sooner had the Swedes re-entered their own ports, and made a successful attempt to arrest the further progress of their opponents, than the duke of Nassau, admiral of the Cronstadt division, advanced towards the Swedish shores in order of battle.—'A battle,' said sir Sidney, 'equally offered by one party and accepted by the other, contrary to all the rules of war, was fought, as it commenced rather in the spirit of chivalry, than according to any rules of naval tactics.'—It terminated, however, in a complete victory on the part of the Swedes.

Upon this happy result, the king ordered all the officers to be introduced to him one by one. Gustavus took each of them by the hand, and dismissed him with the words—'Sir, you are a brave man.'—When at length he addressed sir Sidney Smith:—'Sir,' said he, 'you are an Englishman!' This victory being soon after followed by a peace sir Sidney returned from his foreign service.

For his conduct during this war it was that Gustavus conferred on sir Sidney Smith the grand cross of the Swedish order of the Sword. In a letter written by Gustavus to our present sovereign, accompanying the honourable insignia, the Swedish monarch says, 'We have returned your majesty what we had borrowed for our use during the late war, and what, had it been less valuable, we should have endeavoured to have retained. Captain Smith is an officer whom we shall long remember with gratitude.'

Soon after the conclusion of the Swedish war sir Sidney, whose native ardour would not suffer him to remain long without seeking employment, repaired to Constantinople, where, through the English ambassador, he made an offer of his services to the Porte; but finding his overtures rejected, he demanded of his regociator, who was a Turk, the reason assigned for refusing his services. His friend being much pressed by him for satisfaction on this point, at length assured him, after many evasive replies, that the Porte had no other objection to employ him, but that he was suspected to be a *Jew;* some of the French officers, it afterwards appeared, with that cunning and intrigue for which their nation has ever been conspicuous, had circulated a report that sir Sidney Smith was the son of Jewish parents, and secretly an adherent to that religion. He was therefore about to return to England had not one of the Turkish admirals, less credulous, and perhaps less superstitious than his superiors, given him an employment in his division, in which he continued to act till he was recalled home by his majesty's proclamation on the commencement of the war with France after the death of the king.

Sir Sidney, therefore, repairing immediately from Smyrna to the fleet under lord Hood before Toulon, towards the conclusion of the siege of that city, exerted his great abilities and distinguished courage in the service of his own country. He harassed the enemy with numerous attacks on their ships and smaller vessels; and on the 18th of March 1796 he forced an entrance into the bay of Herqui, destroyed the batteries on the land, and burned the ships in the harbour. He at this time command-

ed the Diamond, a ship of 38 guns, to which he was appointed in 1794.

Very soon after, however, while eagerly exerting his ardent courage to the annoyance of the enemy, he had the misfortune (on the 18th of April 1796) to fall into their hands. Being at this time stationed off Havre de Grace, he observed one of the enemy's lugger privateers, which had been driven by the strong setting of the tide into the harbour, above the forts. He captured the privateer, remaining in the situation just described during the night. But at daylight the French discovering their lugger in tow of several English boats, an alarm was given, and several gun boats and other armed vessels attacked the lugger and the boats, while another lugger of superior force was warped out against the lugger that had been taken. All resistance soon became unavailing, and sir Sidney Smith with about nineteen of his valiant comrades were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners of war. This accident was rendered the more mortifying by the circumstance that the Diamond, though all this while in perfect safety, was prevented by a dead calm from affording any assistance to her gallant commander.

[*To be continued.*]

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

MR. GARRICK.

SOME time before the marriage of Mr. Garrick an old gentlewoman waited on him and told him that if he were disengaged he might obtain the hand of a young lady of great beauty and fortune, who had fallen in love with him on seeing him perform some interesting character. Garrick, willing to discover more of the matter, gave an encouraging answer, but heard nothing farther. Some time after he met the old gentlewoman, whom he addressed, but who affected not to know him. Garrick, however, was resolved to persevere, and at length the gentlewoman informed him that the young lady had seen him afterwards in *Abel Drugger*, in which he appeared to be such a mean despicable fellow, that she was effectually cured of the passion which he had excited in the nobler character. This event made such an impression on Mr. Garrick that he took care, during his courtship of Miss Violetti, afterwards Mrs. Garrick, who was patronized by lord and lady Burlington, with whom she resided, that the Burlington family should never be accommodated at the theatre when he performed a low part lest a similar effect should follow.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SHOULD esteem it a favour if any of your numerous correspondents will inform me in what Book the following lines are contained:

'He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.'

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 694, vol. xxxviii.)

LETTER XLIII.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

I AM terrified and distracted, my dear friend.—This morning I read the following article in the news-paper: 'A few days since a duel was fought between a young clergyman and J. Johnson, esq. a gentleman in Oxfordshire. The cause of the quarrel is not known, but we are sorry to learn that the latter received a wound in his right arm which it is thought will endanger his life; the clergyman set off immediately; it is supposed for the continent, and has not been heard of since.

Mr. Wilson has written to Mr. Johnson for the truth of this shocking account. I am half distracted. What an unfortunate creature am I! Oh, fatal day that brought me to this house! Should Mr. Johnson die I shall never enjoy a moment's peace. The enclosed letter Maria received yesterday from Mrs. Ambrose, but the contents, however acceptable they would have been at another time, are now unthought of by your distressed friend,

H. VERNON.

LETTER XLIV.

Mrs. Ambrose to Miss Vernon.

[Enclosed in the foregoing.]

Windsor.

THE contents of my dear miss Vernon's last letter afflicted more than surprised me. I have seen so much of the world, and experienced so many of its disappointments, that I have long since ceased to wonder. Your account of Mr. Beaumont did not, from the very first, altogether please me. I thought his conduct respecting miss Jones unjustifiable. His views in addressing her were mercenary; but the continuance of those addresses after he was resolved not to marry her was dishonourable in a high degree; and a person who can be guilty of one dishonourable action will not scruple to commit more. I was willing to lay the blame on the mother; and finding your sister was really attached to him, was loth to give an opinion to his disadvantage, which possibly might be ill founded. I confided, too, in the good sense and penetration of my young friend; but I might have known that the good sense and penetration not derived from a knowledge of the world would be insufficient to counteract the designs of a villain. What a laudable part has Mr. Johnson taken! My brother has had an opportunity of hearing his character. He lives on an estate lately left him by an uncle in Oxfordshire, is much respected by the neighbouring gentry, and what is better, he is beloved by the poor. He was a few years since very gay and dissipated, but not vicious; it

was in these days of folly, I suppose, that he became acquainted with Beaumont; but his heart was too good to countenance the faults even of his friend. By your account he has a good understanding, improved by education, as had Beaumont; but of what value are wit and fine parts when not employed aright! This reminds me of a fine sentiment of Dr. Young—'Talents angel bright, if wanting worth are shining instruments, in false ambition's hand, to finish faults illustrious, and give to infamy renown.'

I rejoice to find that Harriet bears her disappointment with a fortitude answerable to the idea I had entertained of her good sense. A little, indeed much, will I allow for the despondence of a young woman under such circumstances; but nothing for giving herself up to despair. I have known young women declare on the loss of an unfaithful lover, that they should not survive it—that this world had no charms for them—with more such romantic stuff, which I considered as less the effect of sensibility than passion. Be thankful, my dear Harriet, for your escape, I say; and instead of complimenting him with a declaration never to marry another, show him, by a more prudent choice, that your happiness depends not on the caprice of a base heart. I will allow, (I say it from experience) that sometimes a disappointment of this sort cannot be overcome so far as to suffer the party to marry another. A woman may never see but one man she can love; but no sensible woman will make a parade of it, and declare to all the world that she is dying for Mr. such-a-one, who has just left her, and married her neighbour. I shudder for the dreadful situation Harriet would have found herself in if the base wretch had succeeded in his vile intentions! Let her but reflect what would then have been her prospects, and she will, I am persuaded, feel no emotion but joy for her happy escape.

I will now come to the main purport of this letter, and am going, with the hearty concurrence of my brother, to make a proposal I have for some time wished to intimate:—It is that your sister would reside with me, if she thinks in that situation she can be happy. I was on the point of making this proposal when Mr. Beaumont stepped in and prevented me. Your brother's brutal behaviour has thrown you both on the world. You tell me that Mrs. Wilson provides for you: I hope you will find yourself comfortable, and that she will reform her untoward temper. If Harriet will accept of my protection she will much oblige me; and I flatter myself will not regret the exchange of Mrs. Wilson's for our house. If she approves of this proposal I beg she will lose no time, but come immediately. My brother is now in London, transacting some business. He is quite gay, and visits town frequently: for my own part I never wish to see it again; this is a delightful spot, and the residence of the royal family makes it gay enough for me. Let me hear from you by the first post.

Your sincere friend,

LUCY AMBROSE.

LETTER XLV.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

Dear Susan,

After suffering a week of anxious suspense we are relieved from our fears on Mr. Johnson's account. Mr. Wilson this morning received the enclosed letter from him. I am once more at ease, and preparing to accept the delightful proposal of Mrs. Ambrose. I set off for Windsor to-morrow, and, as you may suppose, feel no regret but that of parting with my dear Maria. Mrs. Wilson has had another jealous fit, but not so violent as the last. I believe she is heartily glad to get rid of me; so we are both pleased. I hope she will spare poor Maria in my absence. You will be much pleased with Mr. Johnson's letter. He is a valuable character; and I cannot be too thankful that such a one is not on my account lost to the world.

The vile Beaumont is gone no one knows whither. Mr. Wilson has a letter from his wife to inquire after him. She says she has not seen him more than six times since they have been married. She begins to suspect he married her for her money. She makes no mention of me; and I dare say has no suspicion of the affair. Mrs. Beaumont's mother is with her. Mr. Wilson thought it best to acquaint her with the duel, but not the cause, as she most likely would hear it by chance. I pity her very much; she is now severely punished for her pride and ill temper. I will write to you again when at Windsor; in the mean time am Yours, &c.

H. Vernon.

LETTER XLVI.

J. Johnson, Esq. to Mr. Wilson.

Dear Sir,

I hold myself much obliged for your kind inquiries, both to yourself and the ladies. This is the first day I have been well enough to write, or your favour had not been a week unanswered. I am now, my surgeons say, in a good way for recovery, though my life was despaired of at the first. The wound is in my shoulder, but the ball is extracted. It was much against my wishes that I engaged in this duel; for duelling is a custom I have ever abhorred, and hold as derogatory to the honour thereby professed. Mr. Beaumont had sent me a direct challenge, on the supposition that I was the mean of frustrating his designs on miss Vernon; I did not in my answer deny the charge, but expressed my wishes to decline the duel. The day after I had dispatched my answer, and expected that the return of post would bring another letter from him, I was surprised to see him enter my house with a countenance strongly expressive of anger and revenge.—'I am come,' said he, 'to demand the satisfaction you have refused by letter'—at the same time drawing a brace of pistols from his pocket.—'I have no time to waste in altercation; if you are a man of honour attend me instantly to some retired spot, and we will there determine the victory.'—I told him if that was to be the test by which my honour was to be tried, I would yield the title to himself; for my own part I was resolved not to fight: he might say if he pleased that I feared to

risk my life; he would disgrace his profession.—He laughed at this most contemptuously; called me coward, and added very opprobrious epithets. I bore his insults with great patience, but at length I rang the bell, and ordered the servant to show the gentleman out of the house. He turned to the servant—'Friend,' said he, 'your master is a rascal and a coward, and I will cane him before your face.'—He lifted a cane.—Human patience could endure no more: my passions were wound up to the highest pitch; I ordered the servant to leave the room, and pointing to a wood behind my garden—'Follow me,' said I; 'you have triumphed over my reason and resolution.'—He complied without speaking, and with hasty steps we soon reached the place.

As he gave me the pistols—'Your hand shakes,' said he.—'It will give you the more courage,' said I.—I desired him to fire first; he proposed that we should both fire together, but I resisted, and stood prepared. He fired, and the ball went over my head; I fired my pistol in the air, and asked him if he was satisfied. By no means he replied, and drew another brace of pistols from his pocket. I was shocked at the inveteracy of his resentment, but my own passions were now past government. I received the second pistol with less reluctance than the first, and consented that we should fire together. My pistol missed fire, but in an instant I felt myself wounded, and fell to the ground.

The inhuman wretch made off, and I might have perished on the spot but for my servant, who, suspecting the matter, had secured a neighbouring surgeon, and returned with him in a few minutes after Beaumont had left me. One of the female servants saw him walk with hasty steps across the court-yard and mount a horse that was in waiting for him. The surgeon and my trusty servant thought it better to attend to me than pursue him. They found me in the situation I have described, and Heaven has restored me to society, with a resolution never again to disturb its peace by yielding to the impulse of passion and mistaken honour. I cannot but be thankful my pistol missed the unhappy wretch, and that he was not by my hand hurried into the unknown world with his unrepented sins upon his head. I think it right to inform you that he declared to me in the letter which contained the challenge that it was his resolution to leave England and his wife. I hope the lady will find consolation for her loss from the reflection of his unworthiness. I beg my respectful compliments to the miss Vernons, whose kind solicitude on my account will be remembered with much satisfaction.

I have the honour to subscribe myself your obliged and obedient servant,

J. Johnson.

LETTER XLVII.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss Vernon.

Windsor.

I arrived, my dear sister, at this place yesterday. My journey was pleasant, and attended with no other regret than the parting from you. That indeed was a great alloy to the pleasure of quitting a fickle, jealous, and capricious woman for the society of one altogether amiable. My sensa-

tions at going off from B.Hall were a mixture of pain and pleasure. I have, thought I, quitted an abode where every room and object in it reminded me of some disagreeable event, and I am going into a society where harmony and good sense are found to enliven every hour, and where variety will obliterate past sorrows and soften disappointment; but I have relinquished the society of my friend, my sweet monitor, my amiable sister: Ah! what recompense can be made for *that* loss? What pleasure shall I enjoy unshared by her, from whom I was never before separated?

Absorbed in such like reflections, my attention was too much engrossed to observe my companions in the coach; and I had travelled four miles before I turned my eyes from gazing out of the window. I was roused from my reverie by a person saying — 'Young lady, I have had the pleasure of seeing you before.' — I turned hastily round, and discovered the charitable and humane Mr. Rogers, and two elderly ladies. I begged pardon of the former for my absence. The two ladies seemed to regard me with curiosity, and one of them asked me if I was unwell.

I replied that I had parted from the dearest friend I had in the world, which had occasioned my thoughtfulness.

'A near relation, I suppose?' said the other lady.

'Yes,' replied I; 'it was my sister whom you, sir, saw with me at Mrs. Meadows',' turning to Mr. Rogers.

'I remember you both,' said he, 'and likewise the contrast between the lady and her visitors.' I smiled, and said she was a distant relation.

The two ladies who had been whispering for some time now said it must be so.

'Pray was not you in search of a situation as lady's maid? And did not Mrs. Meadows undertake to recommend you?'

I answered that I was in search of a situation to gain a livelihood, but had aspired higher than lady's maid. Mrs. Meadows had promised to recommend me as a companion to a lady, or an assistant in some school, or business.

They then informed me that Mrs. Meadows had asked them if they were in want of an upper servant who could get up small linen, and work at her needle; adding that she had called herself a relation of hers, but it was no such thing.

'Thank Heaven,' exclaimed I, 'I am not now in want of her assistance; but if I were, I think I should be too proud to accept it. She may deny her relationship if she please; I am not at all desirous to claim it.'

Mr. Rogers said he was charmed with my spirit, and began telling so many anecdotes of her sordid and selfish disposition as convinced me that she was despised by all her neighbours. The two ladies joined him, and made themselves merry at her expense.

I reached Windsor late in the evening, and was received by Mrs. Ambrose with a warmth of affection I could only expect from my dear Maria or Mrs. West. She clasped me to her bosom with a maternal fondness. What veneration, what gratitude did I not feel! I could express it no otherwise than by a flood of tears, which

were scarcely dried before the colonel entered the room. He also welcomed me to his house in the politest and most friendly manner. In short, my dear Maria, I was received by both my worthy friends in a manner equal to my most sanguine wishes. Mrs. Ambrose ordered the servant to show me my chamber soon after the colonel came in: I suppose she observed that his presence increased my agitation. I retired with joy and gratitude which you can better conceive than I describe.

This morning I arose, after a night of happy repose, and attended Mrs. Ambrose to the breakfast parlour. The colonel was there, and upon my entrance took my hand, saying, he was happy to see fatigue alone had occasioned me to look unwell last night. I was this morning all myself.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Ambrose, 'my brother would fain have persuaded me, last night, that my Harriet had not the good sense I imagined, but had suffered a late affair to affect her looks and spirits.'

I smiled, and said I hoped the colonel was mistaken.

'We have,' said he, 'started a subject which of all others should be avoided, at least for the present: I will, if you please, introduce a more acceptable one. I wished to do it last night, but feared it would deprive you of a few hours sleep.'

He then rang the bell: I was puzzled what he could mean, when who should enter the room but Dorcas. In my joy and surprise I nearly overset the tea-table as I ran to meet her. The worthy soul could not speak for her tears, which she at length protested were for clear joy. Mrs. Ambrose laughed and said shew as sure they proceeded from no other cause, and told her to retire for the present, and she would inform me how she came there. The good woman made towards the door, but held my hand so fast that I thought I must have followed her. Upon my assuring her I would see her again when breakfast was over, she released me; and, all impatience to hear the cause of my agreeable surprise, I requested Mrs. Ambrose to inform me.

She looked at her brother, who told me, that, in consequence of having lately made himself a governor of St. Thomas's Hospital, he had last week, when in town, visited that place, in order to be satisfied as to the manner of conducting so noble a charity. As he went through the different wards he noticed an old woman who made him a courtesy. She was at work with her needle, and dressed so very neat that she attracted his attention; and on a second look he thought he had seen her before, and asked her name.—'I am Dorcas, sir,' said she, 'that lived with Mr. Vernon. I was taken ill with the rheumatis some time since, and master said he would not be at the charge of nursing me, so sent me here, where, please God, I was recovered, and went back to his house; but he refused to take me in again, saying he had no use for me now he was married: so what to do I could not tell; but I went back to the hospital, and told my story to the gentlemen doctors here. I said I had no friends to support me, and must go to the parish. One of the gentlemen went to my master himself about me, but finding he would not take me back again, got me an appointment here to

mend the linen, and such like, that my eyes will let me do, and nurse a little sometimes. I am now past labour, but what can I do I do willingly, and am thankful, as any thing is better than going on the parish.' She ended, continued the colonel, her artless story, and I instantly resolved that neither the hospital nor her unworthy master should detain so good an old woman under their roof. There is in this woman such an uncommon appearance of goodness and simplicity, joined to so neat and comely a person, that it is impossible to behold her without emotions of respect and esteem. I recollected many anecdotes that I had heard from you and your sister which indicated the integrity of her heart, and goodness of her principles.—'You shall, if you please, good Dorcas,' said I, 'go home and live with me and my sister.' She seemed to receive my proposal with reluctance; I wondered at it, and told her if she had any objection, to inform me. 'To be sure, sir,' said she, 'I can have but one objection; it must needs be better to live with you and madam Ambrose than here; but I am thinking what the good doctor will think at my leaving this place; mayhap he may think I despised what he was so good to get me.'—I was pleased with her gratitude, and could not forbear smiling at her simplicity. I undertook to satisfy the doctor, and accordingly waited on him. He was much pleased to hear of her good fortune, and told me he never felt his compassion more interested. Your brother's conduct he reprobated in very severe terms, though not more so than it deserves; in short I was as much pleased with the humanity of the doctor, as I was shocked at the inhumanity of the stockbroker. In the evening I went again to the hospital, and brought off poor old Dorcas with as much triumph as though she had been a handsome young heiress. It was with difficulty I prevailed on her to enter my chariot. Perhaps I and my old woman excited the laughter and ridicule of some of the great folk as we drove to Windsor; but her respectable appearance, joined to her known worthiness, ranked her in my eyes above many a duchess. My sister stared as I alighted with my lame companion from the carriage. She, however, approved the action.

'Yea,' said Mrs. Ambrose, 'I am one of those good sisters who allow a brother to do as he pleases in his own house; but, indeed, I must acknowledge, I had rather see you bring a lame old woman home than a gay young one. *You* may introduce as many old women as you please, *I* will undertake the choice of the young ones.'

We both smiled at her speech; and what I had heard of Dorcas delighted me beyond expression, as I know it will you.

As soon as breakfast was over I went to Dorcas. A thousand questions were asked about you. So much were her thoughts occupied in your affairs, that I thought and hoped she had forgot the mention you had made to her of my expected marriage. But Dorcas' memory does not fail where either of her young mistresses are concerned. She told me that madam Ambrose had acquainted her of my disappointment; but she thought it was not worth my while to mind it: she was sure such young ladies as we should have many offers, and she doubted not we should both marry very great. I found

by her conversation that she was not made acquainted with all the particulars, and it is as well that she was not. I wish the whole affair now to be buried in oblivion, and to forget every thing but my gratitude to Heaven, and Mr. Johnson for the prevention of so great an evil. I hope Mr. Johnson is by this time recovered. I find that Mrs. Ambrose, in the younger part of her life, knew his uncle, who was on the whole a good character, but odd, and severe in his censures of our sex. He had, Mrs. Ambrose says, conceived an aversion to matrimony, and from a knowledge of worthless women only, had formed his opinion of the whole sex. I suppose he would not have acted by me as his nephew has. The post going, must conclude with every good wish to my dear sister, in which Mrs. Ambrose joins.—Say every thing that is proper to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.—Yours,

most affectionately,

H. VERNON.

P. S. I must not omit to inform you that Dorcas gives a strange account of our brother and his new wife. She was with them only a month, but she says they quarrelled from morning till night. By what we can gather it should seem that he is taken in with regard to her fortune. I wish him no greater punishment than an extravagant wife without a shilling of fortune; even you I think will join me in this wish.

LETTER XLVIII.

Miss Vernon to Miss H. Vernon.

I WAS rejoiced to receive my dear Harriet's letter. The account of your kind reception, and the good fortune of Dorcas, are subjects of inexpressible pleasure, and contribute to console me for the loss of that society you so feelingly describe as felt by yourself. I beg you will be as little anxious as possible on my account. Whilst you are happy under the roof of so amiable a family as that of colonel Ambrose I shall not want comfort, and shall partake in idea of all your pleasures and amusements. You must oblige me by writing frequently, and if I do not answer you punctually you must excuse me; for from this abode of dulness and ill humour what can I write? But you will say I am myself infected with the gloomy air; in truth I am at this moment very angry and vexed with Mrs. Wilson, who has done nothing but plague and perplex her husband ever since you have been gone. She has now taken it into her head to be tired of her house. Confinement to one spot, she says, ruins her health and spirits; she is tired at looking at the same prospects, the same rooms, and the same trees, for so many years. In answer to this her husband proposed to go to some watering-place for the season; he for his part wished so to do.— No, for her part, she hated the sea more than any thing!—Well, then, my dear, what say you to Bath?—Why, yes, she should have no objection.—All hands were therefore ordered to pack up and provide for the journey. But the day before we were to set off she discovered that it was highly ridiculous to go to Bath in the summer—no one ever thought of such a thing! she could not imagine how Mr. Wilson could propose it! This objection I had thought of be-

fore, and wondered she did not. 'Never mind it,' said Mr. Wilson. 'what if it be summer, it will be variety, you know; besides, we are all prepared.'—'Yes, I see you have no wish to oblige me. I tell you, Mr. Wilson, if I had actually got into the carriage, and had altered my mind as I have now, I would not go!'—'Well, well, then,' replied he with wonderful patience, 'we will stay at home.'—'Yes, I believe you would always wish me to do that, but I will go somewhere.'—'Suppose we go to London,' said he.—'Suppose we do,' replied the ungracious woman, 'and I am broiled to death with the heat. Do you not think London is hotter than Bath? I will neither go to a watering-place, to Bath, or to London.'—'Then go to the devil!' said Mr. Wilson, having lost all patience. I was frightened and vexed, yet could scarcely refrain from laughing.

'Upon my word,' said she, 'very pretty language! poor Mr. (naming her first husband) never used such, I assure you. But, Mr. Wilson, had I known you so well before marriage as I have since, I would not have married you if every hair of your head had been hung with gold.'—'Nor I you,' replied her husband, 'upon my soul!'

A pretty situation, this, for me! I spoke never a word, and left the room as soon as I could, recollecting the old advice of not interfering between man and wife.

On my return to the parlour I found that she was softened. Perhaps she thought that she had gone too far. And the man, poor easy soul! was as calm and composed as if nothing had happened. Perhaps he thought it not worth his while to contend with a captious unreasonable woman; and I think he judged rightly on the whole; for it is certainly better to give up a point than hold contention with persons of that description, who merely from bad temper are rendered incapable of exercising common sense. In my observations on this woman I have been led to reflect on the blessing of a good natural temper; and I really do think it is the greatest of all blessings, not excepting even health itself. For what is health of body with a corroding discordant temper, that finds occasion from every circumstance to agitate and discompose itself! Neither health, wealth, or friends, can make a bad temper happy: there will still be a cruel something unpossessed to ruffle and leaven all the rest. But to return to Mrs. Wilson. She adhered to her resolution not to continue in this house; she would live nearer London, where she might sometimes go and partake of its amusements in the winter. Mr. Wilson said he cared not where he went, or where he lived, so as she was easy and contented. He winked at me, as much as to say he doubted that would never be. I pretended not to see him, for I recollected what had happened to you on former occasions; and am very reserved in my looks and manners toward him. The result of all, however, is, that we are to remove somewhere near town, where is not determined. Happiness and content will not attend us, and I doubt will never be found.

'Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where.'

Mr. Wilson has received a letter from the younger Mrs. Beaumont. She is going to sue her vile husband for a maintenance. She was so very imprudent as not to secure a settlement. She hears he is in Paris. The mother, I find, is much distressed: poor woman! did she know all she would be greatly so indeed; but I hope she never will know it; and join with you in wishing the affair may be buried in oblivion.

Adieu, my dear sister. With my best wishes and respects to Mrs. Ambrose and the colonel, and kind love to Dorcas, I remain

Your most affectionate sister,

MARIA VERNON.

[As the letters which passed between the two miss Vernons and miss West, for some months, have no relation to the history, and consequently might be deemed tedious and uninteresting, they are omitted; and the reader is informed that miss Vernon received the letter from Mr. Wentworth, as mentioned by miss Winstanley in her communications to lady Amaranth. The contents could not but be highly acceptable, as it was an offer of his hand and fortune, with the full approbation of his uncle. This letter was delivered into her hand by captain Sommerville, who undertook to carry back an answer to Mr. Wentworth. A stranger to affectation she scrupled not to assure him that he held the first place in her affections, and might trust, in full confidence, on her constancy. More was unnecessary, as no mention could yet be made by Mr. Wentworth of the time or place of their union. She delivered her letter to the captain, and informed her friends, who congratulated her on the happy prospect of accomplishing her wishes in being united to the worthy young man of her choice. But miss Winstanley had ordered otherwise. The reader may remember her mentioning to lady Amaranth a scheme by which she hoped to disappoint the expectations of Wentworth, and secure him to herself. The scheme was as follows: being intimately acquainted with captain Sommerville, she made him promise to deliver the answer to Mr. Wentworth which he was to receive from miss Vernon, into her hands, in order, as she pretended to him, to be herself the messenger of agreeable news to her cousin. He did so, and she substituted in its room the following, written under her direction by the negro-girl whose hand-writing, as has been before noticed, was so similar to miss Vernon's as effectually to deceive Mr. Wentworth.]

LETTER XLIX.

To Charles Wentworth, Esq.

By Favour of Capt. Sommerville.

SIR,

I RECEIVED by the gentleman who has promised to convey this, your letter from Bengal, dated— The contents demand my thanks, and I sincerely congratulate you on that good fortune which I think you deserve. With regard to the partiality you profess in my favour, and the offer you make me of your hand and fortune, it merits my best thanks: at the same time it gives me pain to find that you have fixed your affections on a woman who cannot return them. I

am shortly to be united to a man I have long been attached to, and have only to regret that I should be the mean of wounding the peace of mind of a person I shall ever esteem as a friend. If you wish, sir, to contribute to my happiness, you will cease to regard me in any other light, and I hope to hear that by a selection of some worthy female as your wife, you will have secured your own. I am, sir, with much regard,

Your obliged,
and obedient servant,
MARIA VERNON.

[Miss Winstanley having succeeded in her wicked scheme, and delivered this spurious letter, she writes the following letter to her friend, and the history proceeds:]

LETTER L.

Miss Winstanley to Lady Amaranth.

IN my last I informed my dear friend of a scheme I had in contemplation respecting my cousin Wentworth and miss Vernon. Success has smiled on the first part, and I doubt not its continuance. Captain Sommerville arrived yesterday from England, and, according to promise, delivered into my hands dispatches for Wentworth, among which was the expected letter from miss Vernon. I broke it open the moment he left me, and read in her own fair hand the confirmation of all his hopes: she even avowed her affection for him before he left England: I instantly substituted the following, which was written long since by my negro-girl. Having put it in my pocket, with two others the captain gave me, I went in search of him, he was with my father.—'Here,' said I, holding the letters in my hand, 'I have met captain Sommerville, and insisted on being the conveyor of news to you from England.' He snatched them from my hand with an eagerness that overcame his politeness, instantly recognised miss Vernon's hand, and opened the letter with impatience. But to describe the agitation of his countenance in the perusal is impossible. I laid my hand upon his arm.—'Alas!' said I, 'my dear cousin reads bad tidings in that letter.'—'God forbid!' said my father. Wentworth clasped his hands together, and dropped the letter.—'My hopes,' said he, 'of miss Vernon are now indeed at an end.' I picked up the letter and read it. He requested me to give it to my father; I did so.

'Your hopes, my dear Charles,' said he, 'are indeed at an end; but bear your disappointment like a man, and believe there are other women in the world as amiable as miss Vernon.'

'I will retire, sir,' said Wentworth, 'and compose myself.'

He left the room—'And is it possible,' said my father, as he retired, 'for a young woman to be insensible to such attractions as thine!'

'We are partial, sir,' replied I.

'We, Letitia! what do you mean by the word *we?*'

'I mean we are, perhaps, too partial to my cousin.'—I made towards the door.

'Why do you leave me, my dear?'

'I wish to retire, sir,' said I, 'I am fond of my own company,' sighing.—My father shook his head and let me go. I acted thus in order to raise his attention to my conduct, which must now bear the appearance of a girl in love.

I have practised sighing, languishing, and silence, three indispensable requisites for my grand attack on my hero. I have already prepared him, by my dutiful and attentive behaviour to my father, and by adopting graver manners, to admire me. His love I could not expect while attached to miss Vernon, but now I look on him as all my own, and it will be my own fault if I gain not the victory. The poor swain was shut up all yesterday, and did not make his appearance till supper, and then with such a woful countenance that almost discomposed my affected woful one. After breakfast this morning I proposed a walk in the garden: he consented with more alacrity than I expected. I observed to him that it was some time since we had walked together.

'I fear,' said he, 'that I have been remiss in my attention to my fair cousin.'

'Your thoughts,' said I, 'have been more agreeably occupied, and I wish they were still so.'

'And do you,' said he, 'sympathize with me? Then I have some consolation.'

What a charming first speech! thought I. I sighed, but made no answer; he went on.—'I had indeed flattered myself that I was not indifferent to miss Vernon; perhaps I am rightly punished for my presumption. Happy youth! whoever he be that has her preference! I want to see captain Sommerville — I wonder if she said any thing to him! Yet what could she say: She is too generous to triumph in the effect of her charms.'— A fine dart at me, this, but it was not meant.

I was half frightened at his wish to see the captain, and must prevent an interview. Who knows, indeed, what she may have said to him? It is not likely though that she should say any thing on the subject of the letter.— 'I wish,' said I, 'that you would forget her—banish her from your thoughts; she is unworthy of you.'— 'Oh, say not so!—— what right have I to complain? She has given me an honourable refusal. I will indeed endeavour to forget, but I must ever esteem her. I will not indulge a hopeless passion.'—'Alas!' said I, 'how I pity you! What situation is worse than that of being disregarded by those we love?' I spoke this with so feeling and earnest an air that it arrested his attention.—'May you, my dear cousin,' said he, 'never experience the severe trial. But why so warm in your expression with respect to a situation which you are a stranger to?'—I made no answer.—'Extend your pity to sir Philip Horton. I have received a letter from him; he is indeed in the unhappy state you deplore.'— 'Name him not,' said I, hastily interrupting him. He bowed respectfully—'I will not;' and turned the conversation, which, upon the whole, I thought not an unfavourable one. It must come on by degrees; I cannot expect to conquer, all at once, a heart hitherto so insensible. When I have conquered it will then be my day, and my victim shall be punished for the trouble he has given me.

My father is still ill, and I think cannot live many months, I plainly see his wishes coincide with mine. I as clearly know that so far from approving my method of

bringing it about, he would frustrate it if he knew it; but I shall take care he shall not.

I cannot say on a review of my conduct that I can altogether approve it myself in a moral light, but I am embarked in it, and must proceed, or give up my darling passion for coquetry as it is called. This I cannot do while youth and beauty remain: when I get old and ugly I may part with my wrong propensities, and turn devotee.

Adieu! I expect you will congratulate me on my prospects; but remember secrecy is the word.

Yours,
LETITIA WINSTANLEY.

[*To be continued.*]

SOLITARY WALKS

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

BY JOHN WEBB.

WALK VI.

'While wrapt in the silence of the night, I take my solitary and contemplative walk in the church-yard, with what a feeling concern do I reflect on the living world around me! How striking the contrast! Here rest in quiet and peace, the well-nigh forgotten remains of those who once filled up busy spheres on earth! All those distinctions which they so anxiously courted are done away: All those animosities which they so warmly agitated are now for ever hushed and forgotten: and all those complainings and sighs which they so mournfully uttered are silenced for ever, and heard no more.'

DODD'S REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

WHEN I began my sixth and last ramble among the tombs Winter seemed to have usurped the throne of Autumn, and was scattering his fleecy and frigid terrors around with unsparing hand. The gloom of the evening was increased by my meditating over the grave of a suicide, who, with daring outrage, had rushed, uncalled, into the presence of his Almighty Judge. While absorpt in thought my muse attuned her lyre to strains like these,

'Here lift the monumental beacon high,
Ye architects,—to warn each passer by;
With this inscription be the stone supply'd
Pause, passenger! Here lies a suicide;
Who void of Nature's salutary dread,
the mansions of the dead,
Rush'd with precipitation to that state
Where no forgiveness on self-murd'rers wait.

'Here, reader, learn with patience to sustain
The load of life, though life be nought but pain:
Cherish existence as a blessing given,
And strive to 'fill the circle mark'd by Heaven.'
Though dearest relatives should prove unkind;
Though Conscience with her scorpions sting thy mind;
Though Fortune frown, and pain thy vitals tear,
To touch the sacred springs of Life forbear.
Life, at its utmost length, is but a span,
Then why curtail that term, preposterous man?
Why, with bold arm, Almighty vengeance dare?
Why plunge thy soul in fathomless despair?

'Taught by celestial Wisdom, may no shock
Precipitate thee on that dreadful rock;
Safe may thy vessel scud before the gale,
And weather ev'ry storm—should storms prevail;
Secure—though oft by adverse tempests driv'n,
To cast thy anchor in the bay of Heav'n.'

It is a melancholy observation

that those who are most conversant with scenes of mortality appear to be the least affected by them. Mark the doctor — with what an air of indifference he approaches the couch of sickness, and the bed of death! From a festive circle he is often summoned to the house of mourning; but neither the acute pains of the dying, nor the agonizing pangs of the survivors, impearl his eye with a tear, or cause his heart to palpitate.

'A few habitual queries hurried o'er,'

he rejoins the joyous group of gay compeers, quaffs his mantling glass, and tells the mirth-fraught tale.

How devoid of the soft sensibilities of nature is the callous nurse, who, without any symptom of commiseration, can snatch the pillow from beneath the head of her dying charge, and thereby the sooner extinguish the vital lamp! Custom has so steeled her heart that she cannot feel for sorrows not her own, nor profit by the solemnity of the scene! —— Behold the grave-digger! in whose unfeeling bosom the dove of pity never nestles:—with what careless demeanor he delves the dreary cell, and disturbs the resting-place of a fellow mortal! The ghastly skull which his spade ejects, in whose darkened orbs once rolled the sparkling eye, invites not to serious thought—acts not the part of a silent monitor,—nor checks the idle song!

These reflections were the result of a visit to the grave of a sexton, whose character Blair could not have better pourtrayed had he sat for the picture.

'See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton! hoary-headed chronicle;
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
He digs thro' rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors; scarce a skull 's cast up
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walked with death twice twenty years,
And yet no youngster on the green laughs louder,
Or tells a smuttier tale. When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, nor lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.'

A burial-ground supplies a copious fund of character for the gratification of a Contemplatist.—There he may ruminate among and expatiate upon the ruins of mortality, and find ample employment for his mind and his pen.

Near the porch lies all that was mortal of the beautiful, unfortunate Sally* * * * *. Where are now the carnation tints that painted her cheeks; the smiles and dimples where the loves and graces played; and the auburn tresses, the lovely resort of sportive cupids! Alas! they are vanished. Ye fair readers of the Lady's Magazine, warned by poor Sally's fate, may you be taught to prize the beauties of the mind more than your personal attractions!

'For death ere long will close the brightest eyes,
But mental beauty never, never dies.'

And may the sprightly youth read the woe-fraught tale, and profit by the misfortunes of the hapless lover.

'Here pause, gay friend—if e'er thy tender heart
Feel the soft wish to play the lover's part:
If e'er the tragic tale thy passions move,
Here drop the crystal gem o'er hapless love:

'Fresh as the flow'r that scents the vernal year
Bloom'd the unhappy maid that slumbers here;
In Beauty's radiant mould the fair was cast,
Ah! beauteous form, too lovely long to last!

'Beauty, thou bright possession! frail as fair,
Full oft the proud possessor's fatal snare;
Full oft the vermil cheek and sparkling eye
Have cost the heart that priz'd them many a sigh:
Full oft the sex by dire experience know
That Beauty's brilliant planet sets in woe.

'A sprightly youth of manners debonair
Paid his addresses to this charming fair;
The lovely maid his soft devoirs approv'd
Thro' courtship's gay delightful scenes they rov'd:
Bright fancy pictur'd bliss without alloy,
And hope anticipated future joy.

'But rills of pleasure ne'er unsullied flow
Nor pointless thorns in love's sweet Eden grow,
For his stern sire, with avaricious aim,
Frown'd disappointment on their mutual flame.

'Fatal event! they leave discretion's way,
And in the flow'ry paths of error stray;
At length her shame appear'd to every eye,
And scandal's trump proclaim'd her infamy;
Not long she felt detraction's scorpion-power,
But met her fate in child-birth's dangerous hour!

'Where shall the Muse find words to paint with truth
The keen distraction of the wretched youth!
A few short months he mourn'd the much-lov'd maid,
Then follow'd the dear girl to Death's cold shade.

'So mourns the widow'd turtle for his love,
Till his loud plaints resound thro' all the grove;
To live without his loving mate he tries,
But grief forbids—he hangs his head, and dies!'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

I am now about to terminate my 'Solitary Walks in a Country Church-Yard,' during the publication of which I was sorry to find they had not been viewed by all with an eye of candour, for a fastidious critic* reared his supercilious crest, and vainly endeavoured to frown me into silence.

Having fulfilled my intention, I conclude with the following apposite quotation,

'No letter'd poison ever stain'd
The page, how weak soe'er, for that my pen,
However humble, ne'er has trac'd a line
It well might wish to blot with tears of blood.'

DODD'S PRISON THOUGHTS.

Haverhill, Suffolk.

* W. M. T.

A MORNING WALK

IN WINTER.

By S. Y.

'Twas winter, and snow the cold earth had deep cover'd,
The morning was bracing, health came with the breeze;
'Midst the snow each small plant peep'd, half hid, half discovered,
And clad in pure white were the neighbouring trees:
All around my neat cottage gay icicles frozen,
Transparently sparkling, enliven'd the scene,
The red-breast her home in my dwelling had chosen,
And found from cold frost a warm welcome within.'

ANON.

BEFORE I proceed, I wish the reader to understand (especially if it chance to be one who *considers himself* a critic) that the pleasure of walking does not wholly proceed from the sight of a landscape, nor from the confused objects that are half discovered in the distant prospect, or the busy multitude that fills the streets, but from the rapid succession of those objects to each other, and the number of ideas which memory has treasured. Perhaps in this recital the *satirist* may by chance touch the nettle or the bramble—in either case I would recommend him to touch softly.—When there is no forcible call for censure, why should any one descend to the task of hunting after every trifling defect, merely for the satisfaction of running it down, in order to evince his *own* wonderful discernment? but

'*Est proprium stultitiæ cernere aliorum vitia oblivisci suorum.*'

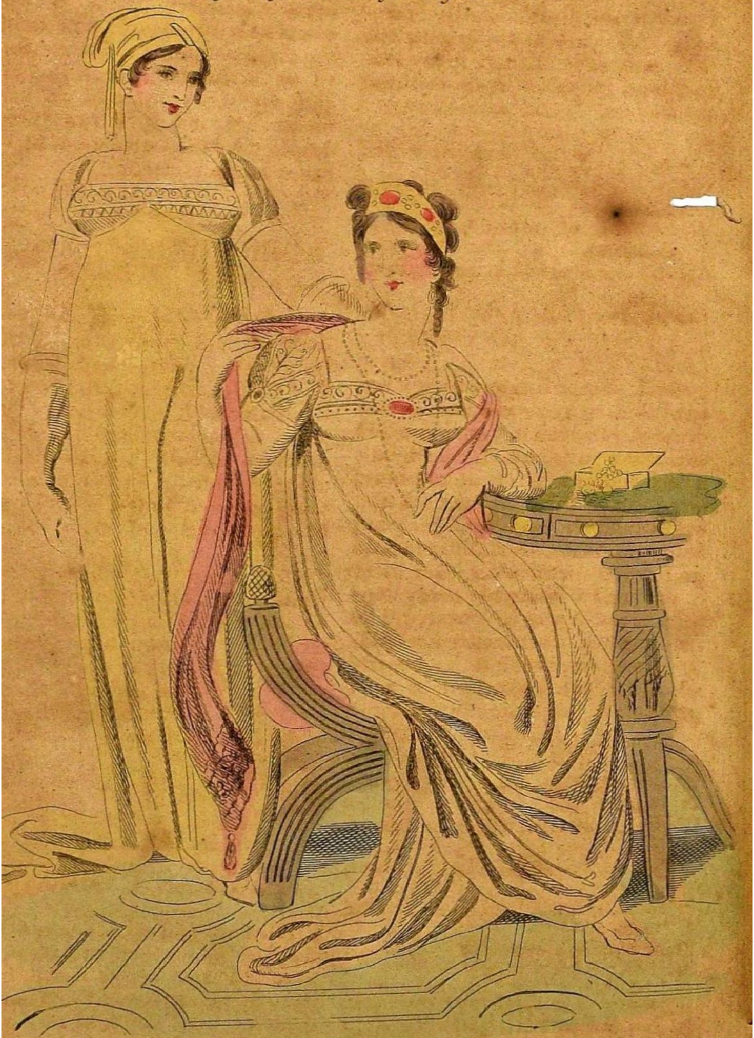
Yet, in defiance of those praters of *Parnassus*, I will proceed on my walk, and pass regardless those newts, frogs, and tadpoles, of *Aganippe*, and the grubs, spiders, and butterflies, of *Helicon*:—to you, my fair readers, I commit myself; and as long as my walks are cheered by your smiles, and enlivened by your approving glances, I remain impregnable against the attacks of prejudice, and self-opinionated criticism.

'At lucre or renown let others aim;
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human kind.'

Ere the faint rays of Phœbus peeped between the curtains of my window I arose to pursue my winter ramble. The snow that had fallen in the night had covered the surrounding scenery with a pure whiteness, and dreary winter seemed to have unfolded her awful train. It was cold and piercing. With a heart truly thankful for good health, I sallied forth to enjoy the bracing breeze. As I paced the virgin snow, and heard the grim winds roar through the leafless trees, I felt for those who by sickness were prevented the pleasure I enjoyed, and it was more forcibly felt by the recollection of a recent fit of illness of a near relative.

'How quickly fades the vital flow'r,
Alas, my friend! each silent hour
Steals unperceiv'd away;
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence, and dove-ey'd truth,
Are destin'd to decay!
Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
The very mistress of our love,
Ah me! we soon must leave!
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of cypress shall alone diffuse
Their fragrance o'er our grave!'

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Afternoon & Full Dress.

stow a thousand good wishes for my welfare; but, alas! deign not to assist me.'—I inwardly ejaculated, Ah! how happy would the little assistance of those many render you, without even injuring themselves.

'O world! thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosom seems to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twine, as 'twere in love,
Unseparable, shall, within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitter enmity.'

As I stopped some time I was entreated to sup, and a steak was dressed, of which I was compelled to partake; after which my friend's wife brought a bottle of old beer, and insisted I should take a little, as it came, she said, from her good mother. We cheerfully pledged each other in drinking her good health, and wishing her many happy returns of the new year. The real content that existed would, upon contemplating it, have made a stoic feel the enthusiasm of sympathy and compassion.

'The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp, a cumb'rous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!
O gracious Heav'n! their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile.'

Suffice it to say I took my leave of the happy pair, and retired to my bed; and, in whatever unfavourable view some may consider my 'vacant hour,' and, however *motley* and *ridiculous* the effusion may appear, it would be well if every one did not make a worse use of a 'leisure hour;' and though the circumstance may be considered as a common-place incident, and my description of it below mediocrity, it will, I trust, not be despised by the virtuous,—as Virtue is not perverted.

FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON AND FULL DRESS.

1. DRESS of fine thin kerseymere without sleeves, and a short train; the sleeves and front of fine French cambric, richly worked or trimmed with crape of the same colour to match. Head-dress, a square handkerchief of crape, or muslin of the same colour, confined within a rich gold band: gloves and shoes to correspond.

2. A long train-dress of soft white satin, elegantly worked and embroidered in a border of green and gold; the front of the dress to correspond, and the sleeves of entire lace. Head-dress, a tiara of gold, set with rubies, raised on the right side, and sloping down toward the left ear. Necklace of gold chain: white kid shoes and gloves.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ROBES of pale blue, and feathers of the same colour, are much worn at Paris: yellow is still, however, in great request. The feathers are worn flat, and very long, and falling downward. Feathers are worn in full dress with the *coiffure en cheveux*: or the *negligé*

veils are worn, falling equally on both sides. Besides blue, dress-robes of white satin, bordered with black plush, are also common.

Ladies Dresses *on her* Majesty's Birth-day.

Her Majesty—As usual on her own birth-day, was not very splendid. Her dress was composed of British point, interspersed with gold Turkish tissue, the drapery tied up with rich pearl bows, and most beautiful gold cords and tassels; at the bottom of the petticoat gold fringe; the mantle of purple and gold tissue, trimmed with gold fringe.

Her Royal Highness Princess of Wales—Displayed her usual elegance in a dress of amethyst coloured velvet; the train and petticoat richly embroidered with a superb gold and silver Vandyke border, with a most magnificent diamond-cut steel fringe round the train and pocket-holes, which, for their peculiar elegance and effect, surpassed all that we ever saw: the drapery most elegantly ornamented with magnificent diamonds, forming wreaths of roses and beautiful stars: the body, sleeves, and front, superbly studded with diamonds; the pocket-holes and belt richly embroidered to correspond with the drapery. Her royal highness wore a superb head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers, and looked remarkably well. The whole had a most magnificent effect.

Princess Charlotte of Wales—A silver tissue frock, covered with Brussels lace; diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a diamond comb. Her royal highness is much grown and improved in person since last year.

Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta—Petticoat of rich lilac satin, richly embroidered; the sashes with a rich gold border of chestnuts and leaves; the drapery on the left side with a very rich border in black velvet; the right side, drapery of rich points, with a very elegant black and gold border at the bottom of the petticoat. The dress was truly beautiful.

Princess Elizabeth—A rich brown satin petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, and enriched with point-lace in sweeping draperies; sleeves of point-lace: train of brown satin, embroidered with gold: head-dress, a bandeau of diamonds and feathers.

Princess Mary—A superb embroidered petticoat of gold, upon rich lilac satin; the drapery composed of the same materials embroidered all over, and terminated with massy borders, studded in waves with clear and bright gold, and branches of fancy flowers and vine-leaves, tastefully interspersed with thick gold rolio in festoons, as a support to smaller draperies of beautiful black lace: the whole looped up and finished with magnificent gold cords and tassels: in this dress there was tastefully blended the beautiful colours of spring, with the richness and costume of the present season: robe, lilac and gold tissue, trimmed all round with broad gold fringe, body and vest ornamented with gold and point-lace.

Princess Amelia—A rich lilac satin petticoat, richly embroidered; the sashes with a rich gold border, representing chestnuts and leaves; the drapery on the left side with a very rich border on black velvet; the drapery on the

right side with rich points, and a very elegant border at the bottom of the petticoat; the effect was truly beautiful: train of lilac and gold.

Duchess of York—A Devonshire brown velvet petticoat, ornamented with draperies of the same, richly embroidered with gold lama and spangles; the draperies were relieved by a sweeping drapery of gold in flowers and plumes: train of the same, richly embroidered with gold, gold cords and tassels: head-dress of ostrich feathers and diamonds. Her royal highness looked uncommonly well.

Princess Castelcicala — Dress of white crape, with draperies of patent net and green velvet, trimmed with broad bands, and festoons of white beads, handsome bead-cords and tassels; robe, green velvet trimmed with point-lace.

Duchess of Montrose—A white satin petticoat, with drapery of white crape, and satin richly embroidered with wreaths of green and gold ivy; a handsome Vandyke fringe of green velvet and foil; train of green velvet richly embroidered with gold concave rings: head-dress to correspond.

Marchioness of Lansdown — A blue satin petticoat, richly trimmed with silver fringe, along the top of which was a rich border of real pearls on black velvet, with a large drapery placed tastefully across the petticoat, with a magnificent border of Corinthian points, richly worked with pearls on black velvet, and the ground very richly rosetted with pearls and silver; a small drapery on the left side, rosetted and trimmed with pearls; pocket-holes trimmed with Corinthian point of pearls, the whole looped up with silver cords and tassels: train of blue satin, the sleeves and breast richly trimmed with pearls and silver: head-dress, diamonds and white feathers.

The Marchioness of Downshire —A rich white satin petticoat, trimmed with swans-down, draperies of white satin *en echarpe*, looped up in festoons, and falling in a point on the left side: train of white satin, forming a drapery, suspended with an aigrette of diamonds from the right shoulder, which terminated in finishing the drapery on the left side of the petticoat: head-dress of white satin, with a bandeau of diamonds, and white feathers.

Marchioness of Salisbury — A purple velvet robe, with a silver tissue petticoat, trimmed with sable.

Marchioness of Stafford — A splendid dress of violet velvet, richly embroidered in shells of matted gold, draperies edged with wreaths of shells and gold oak-leaves, looped up with rich ropes of gold bullion and acorn tassels, which had a beautiful effect.

The countess of Ely—A petticoat of very rich amaranth velvet, embroidered round the bottom with an elegant Asiatic border, in massy gold, which had a particularly rich effect; the draperies superbly worked to correspond; ornamented with rich gold cord and tassels: train of amaranth velvet, bordered with gold; the body and sleeves richly worked in gold, and trimmed with beautiful point-lace: head-dress, gold net and amaranth velvet, gold tiara, a beautiful plume of ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

The Countess of Macclesfield— A most superb dress; a grass-green satin petticoat, over which

was a most magnificent drapery, richly embroidered with pearls and gold, with antique points, richly worked with beautiful China pearls; on the left side a small octagon drapery, trimmed with gold, and rich gold tassels at each corner; the pocket-holes done in white net and gold, *à la papillon;* the robe to correspond with the petticoat, and uncommonly beautiful, trimmed with pearls and gold: head-dress, a fine plume of feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Chesterfield — A white satin petticoat, a border of rich embroidery in gold, forming a Vandyke fringe at the bottom; drapery of puce-coloured velvet on the right side, with a rich embroidered border of a Roman scroll; on the left a mantle drapery of white satin, embroidered on the same pattern; a point of puce-coloured velvet, embroidered in rich gold leaves, forming a massy gold chain; the drapery suspended, and elegantly ornamented by a rich gold cord and tassels: train of puce-coloured velvet, trimmed with gold: head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Countess de Front—Wore a dress of white crape, appliqued in cross-wave stripes of white satin; drapery of white crape, spotted with satin, and ornamented with gold; the right side of the dress, magnificent folds of amaranthus velvet, twisted with wreaths of gold foil, and embossed with dead gold, forming a marking drapery, extending to the left side, and finished with a broad velvet sash to correspond; bottom of the dress trimmed with festoons of white satin, edged with thick gold cord; robe, amaranth velvet, trimmed all round with gold, and ornamented with point-lace.

Viscountess Cranley—A rich puce-coloured satin petticoat, thickly sprigged with gold, and elegant gold fringe round the bottom; draperies of puce velvet, embroidered with a rich Etruscan border of gold; the ground sprigged to correspond with the petticoat, ornamented with gold cord and tassels: train of gold tissue; body and sleeves richly trimmed with point-lace; head-dress of gold tissue and ostrich feathers.

The Lady Mayoress—Was superbly dressed in a petticoat of white satin, embroidered with silver, and ornamented with chains of matted silver; body and train of violet velvet, embroidered with silver: head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Georgiana Bulkeley — A rich white satin petticoat, embroidered round the bottom with an elegant Gothic border in silver; draperies of superb crimson silver tissue, tastefully looped up with silver cord and tassels: train of silver tissue, bordered with silver; body and sleeves trimmed with rich point-lace: head-dress, silver tiara, and handsome plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Boringdon—White satin petticoat, embroidered with an Egyptian and silver-beaded tassel fringe; lilac velvet drapery on the right side, covered with a beautiful silver-beaded net; on the left a mantle drapery, richly embroidered in silver of a superb design; the draperies suspended by elegant bullion cord and tassels in silver; train of tissue velvet, trimmed with silver: head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE

for the YEAR 1808.

By H. J. PYE, Esq. P. L.

BEHOLD yon lurid Orb that seems
Devious thro' ether's paths to stray,
And, while with baleful light it gleams,
Appears to trace no certain way;
No influence mild with genial force
Waits on its desultory course;
But myriads view its streaming hair
Shed death and horror thro' the air,
While even Science' piercing sight,
Clear from the mists of visionary fears,
Anxious beholds th' erratic Stranger's flight,
Lest mingling with the planetary spheres,
It shake the order of the mighty frame,
Destroy with ponderous shock, or melt with sulphurous flame.

Such is, alas! the dread that waits
On savage inroad's wild career,
While trembling round, the peaceful states
Survey its meteor-course with fear;
And as th' immortal mandate guides,
And points the Comet where to stray:
So thro' the battle's crimson tides
It points ambition's fatal way;
Submissive both th' Eternal's will perform,
As act his high behest the earthquake and the storm.

But as with ray benign and bland
The radiant Ruler of the Year
Sheds plenty on the smiling land,
Where'er his vivifying beams appear,
Now wakes the roseate bloom of Spring,
Fann'd by young Zephyr's tepid wing,
Or clothes the wide expanding plain,
With Summer's fruits and Autumn's grain;
Or gathering from the watery shores
Sources of vegetable stores,
Renews scorch'd Earth's exhausted powers
With balmy dews and gentle showers;
So from the patriot Monarch's care,
Whose breast no dreams of conquest move,
Founding his glory on his people's love,
And proud to boast unbounded empire there,
The copious rills of Peace domestic stream,
Warm glows fair Virtue's flame, and bright Religion's beam.

O BRITAIN! may thy happy coast,
Tho' loud oppression rage around,
To the applauding nations boast
One shore with peace, with mercy crown'd:

Still may thy hospitable seat
To suffering greatness yield a safe retreat;
For when the sacred Fiat of the skies
First caus'd thy sea-encircled realm to rise,
* It bade it an eternal column stand,
Sacred to want and woe from every clime and land.
Pind. Olymp. VIII. Strophe 2.

ODE.

DEAR, O my Lyre! art thou to me,
Tho' fools may scorn, and friends may chide me,
Dear is thy simple melody,
Tho' Commerce' toiling sons deride me!
O Lyre! they little know thy charms!
They know not how thy music warms
The soul, whom Poesy's fine glow
From each mean act sublimes, from every passion low.

Dear, O my Lyre! art thou to me,
Dear above all the world's vain treasure!
Dear in the hour of misery,
For then thou art my only pleasure!
I strike thy chords—Care flies away,
And Rapture darts her cheering ray,
As 'midst the storm a transient beam
Shines o'er the gloomy plain, or glitters on the stream.

When Fortune's favor'd sons I see,
I eye with scorn their splendid folly,
Thy strings are dearer far to me,
Swept by the hand of melancholy!
Dearer to me the pensive hour
When, yielding to thy sacred power,
I feel thy thrilling sounds impart
A glow that never warm'd the proud or selfish heart.

Tho' doom'd 'midst sordid souls to dwell,
My toil the hour of evening closes,
Hope smiles—I strike the chorded shell——
Its music every grief composes:
Or weeping o'er some tale of woe,
The while its notes more solemn flow,
I for the child of sorrow moan,
And 'midst another's woes forget to feel my own.

Oft too upon the Sabbath morn,
While merrily the bells are playing,
A man gloom-pamper'd and forlorn,
I 'mid some rustic scene am straying;
But haply if around I see
Content's bland smile, and artless glee,
I sigh no more but gaze upon the scene
With heart alive to joy and gladness in my mien.

For who can see the blue-edg'd hill,
The streamlet thro' the valley flowing,
The humble cot, the hamlet still,
The trees in spring-tide beauty glowing;
Oh who can gaze on nature's charms
Nor feel the sight his bosom warms?
Oh who can gaze on such a scene as this,
Nor feel all care forgot, nor feel a hea-v'nly bliss?

When in the crowded city's haunts,
The cares of wealth's low sons perplex me,
When vice in robe of splendour flaunts,
And haughty pride and folly vex me,
O Lyre! in thy sweet sound I find
A solace to my troubled mind!
Soft o'er thy strings a voice from heav'n,
Tells me 'To virtue's sons sublimer joys are giv'n.'

'Mistaken man!' it seems to say,
'Tho' vice seems prospering around thee,
Tho' folly lives its little day,
Tho' pride and envy's scoffings wound thee,
Beyond the grave the soul shall rise,
And spring exulting to the skies.
There misery's injur'd sons shall find
In Abraham's bosom peace, in heav'n a bliss refin'd.'

Then dear, my Lyre! art thou to me,
If these the pleasures thou canst give me,

No more I'll sigh in misery;
No more the want of wealth shall grieve me!
Spirit of Spenser! shall the mind
By Poesy's pure glow refin'd,
Stoop to the grov'ling cares of Mammon's son;
Toil for the bauble wealth, labour to be undone?

Spirit of Spenser! no!—tho' born,
Whilst doom'd on this low scene to languish,
'Midst cold neglect, and want and scorn,
To feel their bosoms torn with anguish!
Yet have the Muses sons their joys,
Which not e'en Death's fell pow'r destroys,
For theirs, O happy thought! 's immortal fame,
The soul's unquenched fire, the never-dying name!

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MISS ——
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

EXPECT not, Kate, to hail the day,
I'll soothe thine ear with flatt'ry's lay,
Or praise thy cheek, thy lip, thine eye,
No!—these are charms that swiftly fly:
But, Kate! the bard thy friend sincere,
Would whisper thoughts to virtue dear,
Would make thy charms of mind enhance
The rapture shot from Beauty's glance.
Oft in the gay parterre descried,
I've mark'd the gaudy tulip's pride;
And oft at ev'ning's close serene
The modest violet I've seen:
The one each glaring tint displays,
The other shrinks from public gaze;
And, in my mind, far loveliest 's seen
The half-hid violet's modest mien.
Thus Kate (believe the precept true)
You'll find thro' life 'twill be with you.
The forward nymph, with pride elate,
Whose tongue incessantly will prate;
And wildly run its hours career
Without one word to wisdom dear,
May please the fop: But men of sense
Eye with disgust her impudence.
But she whose cheek's with blushes red,
Whose modest look and downcast head
Bespeak a mind with feeling fraught,
And native elegance of thought,
Dear Kate! in every cultur'd mind
A lover or a friend shall find;
And such for thee is my respect,
In all *her* charms I'd wish thee deckt.
I'd wish thee sensible as fair,
With downcast look and modest air;
I'd wish thy mind with feeling fraught,
And native elegance of thought:
I'd wish, in short, each charm to find,
That has adorn'd thy mother's mind.
And now, Kate, after all this teaching,
Which, perhaps, you'll think affected preaching;
I wish (and with sincerity)
That many birth-days you may see,
And, all-forgot, each trouble past,
Each may be happier than the last.

W. M. T.

I ONLY ASK, FAIR MAID, THY LOVE.

OH deign, fair Maid! to smile on me,
I've lov'd you long, I've lov'd you well,
I live, my Emma, but for thee,
Believe me, dearest, truth I tell;
I ask not of thee glitt'ring wealth,
Whose cares too oft a trouble prove;
Want I defy while I have health,—
I only ask, fair maid, thy love.

The miser finds a secret bliss,
In counting o'er his heaps of gold,
But love with one ecstatic kiss
More joyful pleasure can unfold;
With thee, fair Emma, I could stray,
From Sol's first orient beam above,
Till ev'ning shows his setting ray,
And whisper to thee nought but love.

Were Indian treasures mine to bring,
They all should grace my vows to you;
But competence alone I sing,
And faith eternal as 'tis true:
These, dearest Emma, shall be thine.
With these each joy of life we'll prove;
Nor more my soul shall dare repine,
If blest with Emma, and with love.

J. M. L.

Jan. 4, 1808.

ON VISITING MATLOCK.

ROMANTIC spot! where pleasing silence reigns,
Save the soft murmur of thy purling stream;
How sweet thy haunts, how bless'd thy honest swains,
How worthy they my contemplative theme.

Thy rugged rocks, with thick plantations crown'd,
Appear to view in majesty sublime;
The happy flocks that in thy pastures bound,
To glad the soul with nature's charms combine.

From morn till noon thy shady paths I'd tread,
And, slowly musing, feel supreme delight
On thy green banks at eve I'd rest mine head,
And, frowning, chide the stern approach of night.

When Petrarch aim'd to fire his tender muse,
He Vaucluse sought, which did effective prove;
So, Matlock! thy Elysian groves I'd choose,
To sing of friendship—fondly dream of love.

F. T.

Pinner.

THE TERMAGANT'S FUNERAL.

POOR Joe was long teas'd by a termagant wife,
Till death put an end to her scolding and strife.
The neighbours assembled, to see her snug buried,
And to the church-yard with quick motion they hurried.—
'Hold! hold, friends!' said Joe: 'let us move on at leisure,
And not, like dull fools, *make a toil of a pleasure*.'

GIOVANNI.

THE IMPARTIAL UMPIRE.

ADDRESSED TO T. M.

YOU say, your Sue's a jade accurst.
She says, of villains *you're* the worst.
To both, impartial, I give ear;
And, on the whole, the case is clear—
I credit all *you* say of Sue:
I credit all *she* says of *you*.

GIOVANNI.

TO DISCONTENT.

FLY hence, thou bane to man's repose!
Nor torture thus his breast
With idle dreams of fancy'd woes,
In sable colours drest.

Are we not favor'd from above
Far, far beyond our worth;
Shines not on us Almighty Love
The moment of our birth!

Whate'er our trials here below,
'Tis madness to repine,
Assur'd are we they ne'er can flow
But from a hand divine!

F. T.

Pinner.

SONG.

BY JULIA.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain;
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betrays the sweetly-anxious pain!

Dear youth! a mutual flame I own;
The sorrows of thy breast are mine;
Thy virtues all my heart have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn,
I trust the drop that dims thine eye;
I see fair *truth* thy lips adorn,
And hear her voice in ev'ry *sigh*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersburgh, Nov. 20.

WE see daily pass through this city very strong divisions of troops coming from the grand army, and proceeding to Finland. A large army is collected there, and on the coasts of the Baltic in Livonia. The new French ambassador is not yet arrived.

Letters from Vienna of the 10th December, mention the departure of Mr. Adair from that court as daily to be expected; indeed it is the necessary consequence of the steps the emperor is taking to shut his ports against the English.

Banks of the Main, Dec. 5. Some public journals state, that the report has been generally circulated for some days past, that a part of the conscription of 1809 will be immediately raised by anticipation. We are assured that similar to the last year, a *Senatus Consultum* will be issued, by which 120,000 youths of this class will be placed at the disposal of government, namely, a part for the present army, and a part for the reserve. Although peace is established on the continent, nevertheless, the great extent of country occupied by the French armies, requires a reinforcement of fresh troops.

Copenhagen, Dec. 8. The merchants of this city have solicited permission to re-purchase the merchantmen seized by the English, but it was sternly refused by the crown prince.

Patriotic offerings are pouring in from all quarters, to enable government to re-establish our marine. The Asiatic Company has offered four gunboats and 3000 rix-dollars; baron Selby has sent 10,000 rix-dollars; and one of the Assurance Companies 30,000 rix-dollars. One sentiment, the desire of revenge, seems to animate every part of the Danish monarchy.

Madrid, Dec. 8. The French army, under the command of general Junot, arrived on the 26th of November at Abrantes. The advanced guard had entered that city before the Portuguese government knew of the army having marched. The troops marched ten leagues a day through bad roads and constant rain.

As soon as the prince regent was informed of the proximity of the French troops, intrigues were set at work on all sides, and the prince resolved to embark on board the ships with his treasures, and every thing most precious. On the 30th of November, the advanced guard of the French troops arrived at Lisbon; and on the 1st. the anniversary of the day on which the house of Braganza rose against the Spaniards, and hoisted its standard against theirs, on that same day the Braganza flag was replaced by that of the French. To this singular circumstance, which the Portuguese superstition did not fail to remark, was added another—a horrible earthquake was felt six hours before, but the moment the French colours were hoisted the tempest ceased, and the weather became serene.

The six Portuguese ships of the line, laden with women, children, furniture, &c. without water, badly provisioned, set sail, some say for the Brazils, but probably for England.

There was a moment of fear; a great

city like Lisbon has more risk to run in such moments, from revolution on the part of the populace, than on the part of the enemy.—But a French battalion arrived in time to establish order.

The success of this expedition, remarkable for the extraordinary promptitude of the march of the troops and the activity of the general-in-chief, has placed in the hands of the French six frigates, twelve brigs, four sail of the line, several on the stocks, and an arsenal well stocked with timber and iron.

All the English property, whether movable or immovable, has been put under sequestration.

Vienna, Dec. 14. It is now confirmed that our court has granted a passage to the 10,000 Russian troops coming from the Seven Islands, and who are now assembling in the Venetian territory. They are to pass by Pest and Kaschau on their return home.

The last official accounts from Constantinople confirm the report of an insurrection having broken out among the people about the end of November; it was speedily quelled. The rumours that had gone abroad of the departure of general Sebastiani were wholly without foundation. These rumours most probably arose from the general having sent away a number of chests and trunks by Oderso, which have already arrived at Lemberg. Among them is the body of his wife, embalmed, who died at Constantinople, and that of his child, only six months old.

Count Metternich is to continue as Austrian minister at Paris.

Paris, Dec. 15. It is said that the prince regent of Portugal is certainly gone to the Brazils. Lisbon complains bitterly of his conduct, and among other things of his having spiked some of the guns of Fort Belier, in order to leave the English free access.

It was announced at the departure of the courier, that the English had just debarked at Peniche, a very important post, eleven leagues from Lisbon.—A dreadful storm which took place at Lisbon was succeeded by a slight shock of an earthquake, which happily did no damage.

On the 24th of November, a flag of truce sent in by sir Sidney Smith, arrived at Lisbon, with the following notification:—

'To all whom it may concern.—It being notorious that the ports of Portugal are shut against the British flag, and that his Britannic majesty's minister has quitted the capital, the mouth of the Tagus is declared to be in a state of rigorous blockade. It is therefore notified to the Portuguese government, that the execution of this measure will be rigorously enforced, until the difficulties that have lately arisen be done away. The consuls of neutral powers are also informed of this, in order that they may acquaint their different courts with this blockade, which will be maintained in a manner authorized by the laws of nations, and the treaties concluded between his Britannic Majesty and the neutral powers.

'On board the Hibernia, off the Tagus, Nov. 22.

W. SIDNEY SMITH.'

Dec. 16. General Junot's proclamation upon entering Lisbon, states in substance, that the French army entered that city to save the prince and the country from the influence of England —but that the prince, so respectable for his virtues, has suffered himself to be guided by the advice of some bad persons about him, and has thrown himself into the arms of his enemies; that these persons insinuated apprehensions for his personal safety; his subjects have been considered as nothing, and their interests have been sacrificed to the cowardice of some courtiers.—'Inhabitants of Lisbon,' adds the general-in-chief, 'remain quiet in your houses, neither fear my army nor myself; we are only terrible to our enemies and to the wicked. The great Napoleon, my master, has sent me to protect you—I will protect you.'

Copenhagen, Dec. 15. Among the prizes which our cruizers are daily sending in, there arrived one yesterday evening in our harbour, which has occasioned our crown prince to perform a grateful and noble-minded action. One of the two prizes brought in by our cruizer, the brig Paulina, had on board the English ambassador Garlicke, on

his return from Memel, where the king of Prussia has just refused to receive him. As soon as the crown prince was informed of this, he instantly ordered that a vessel should be prepared to convey this gentleman (whose honourable conduct during his embassy justly gained him the esteem of the government and the public), with his servants and effects, from the prize ship to the Swedish harbour of Helsingborg. This was carried into effect immediately, and the minister is already arrived there.

The patriotic gifts and offerings for the land-service continue; and a second report of the commission respecting naval affairs announces considerable contributions towards a new fleet. Further, the magazines of corn and other provisions landed in Zealand are sufficient to maintain that island more than two years.

Vienna, Dec. 16. On the 11th inst. the French garrison of Brannau marched out of the fortress, and possession was taken of it on the part of the Austrians.

Yesterday the diet of Hungary was to be closed, yet it is thought that the sittings will continue some time longer; but the emperor is to return on the 21st inst. The diet has decreed, in support of the royal finances, a grant of six per cent. on all income, and one per cent. on all immovable property. There are magnates in Hungary, who, in consequence of this new tax, will have to pay 200,000 florins. Prince Esterhazy will have to pay upwards of double that sum.

Bayonne, Dec. 17. The report circulated relative to the departure of a Spanish prince with the Braganza family is, in some measure, confirmed; but the circumstance is of less importance than was at first supposed.—The prince is Don Pedro, son of Don Gabriel, brother of the king of Spain, and a Portuguese princess, the issue of a branch of a royal house.—The two parents of Don Pedro died suddenly, and the prince, though an infant of Spain, was sent to Lisbon a long time ago, brought up as a member of the house of Braganza, and destined, as we hear, to marry the eldest daughter of the prince of Brazil.

All the letters from Lisbon affirm that the French troops observe the best discipline. The batteries are strengthening on all the attackable points of the coast.

Paris, Dec. 26. The queen regent of Etruria arrived at Milan on the 17th inst. The vice-king immediately waited on her majesty, who, after having taken some rest and refreshment, proceeded with the young king, her son, to the royal palace, where she had a private audience of the emperor and king.

Madame La Fayette died at Paris on the 24th inst. She was the daughter of the duke d'Ayen, son of the marshal de Noailles, and wife of general La Fayette.

Amsterdam, Dec. 28. Extracts are circulated here, of the official note by which England has given an answer to the offer of mediation which we made by the emperor of Russia. That note, signed Canning, contains in substance, that his Britannic majesty would have accepted, with pleasure, the mediation of Russia, if he had received information respecting the basis upon which the mediator hoped to re-establish the general peace. But his majesty the emperor of Russia, after having repeatedly promised his Britannic majesty not to conclude any peace with France without having assured the independence of the German provinces, had, notwithstanding, signed the treaty of Tilsit, which, far from containing any stipulation on that head, seemed to submit the whole of Germany to the wishes of France. Hence his Britannic majesty cannot enter into any negotiation with France, unless the complete restitution of the electorate of Hanover be admitted as a preliminary basis. By an unconditional acceptance of the Russian mediation, his Britannic majesty would have reason to fear lest his German states should become a French province. Therefore his Britannic majesty places his confidence in the efforts of his people in order to force his implacable enemy into more conciliatory measures, &c.

HOME NEWS.

Plymouth, Dec. 31.

By a gentleman just arrived from Penzance is learnt the melancholy intelligence of the total loss of the Anson, 44 guns, captain Lydiard, in Mount's Bay, in the hurricane of last Tuesday; she was driven into Mount's Bay on Monday night, and came to an anchor; at 12 at night she parted one cable; at 5 *p. m.* she unfortunately parted three more, and went plump on shore, where she soon beat to pieces, and dreadful to relate, capt. Lydiard, his first lieutenant, and 60 of her gallant crew perished in a watery grave; the other officers and about 180 of her crew were washed ashore, and providentially saved. The Anson was built at this dock-yard in 1782, as a 64, and was in Rodney's victory over the French fleet on the glorious 12th of April in that year. She was cut down as a razee of 44 guns, and has been in constant employment ever since. She was an amazing strong ship of her class, and considered as a very fine ship of war.

Portsmouth, Dec. 31. Arrived late last night, the Euryalus frigate, hon. captain Dundas; Niger frigate, captain Hillyar, with above forty sail of transports, having on board lieutenant-general sir John Moore, K. B. major-generals Oakes, Hon. E. Paget, Frazer, and Wynyard, and the following troops, from Egypt and Sicily:—

1st battalion, 1st guards, 900 strong, commanded by colonel Anson.

2d ditto, ditto, 900, colonel Campbell.

Flank ditto, ditto, 800, col. Clinton.

20th regiment 700, lieutenant-colonel Ross.

35th ditto, 2d battalion, 500, major Moore.

52d Light infantry, 1000, major Wade.

78th Highland, 2d battalion 475, major Macdonald.

Artillery, 250, major Wood.

It blows a very heavy gale from south-west; most of the fleet are anchored at St. Helen's.

Dec. 31. General sir John Moore, general Oakes, and their suite, and the hon. captain Dundas landed this morning from the Mediterranean. The Euryalus and Niger came up to Spithead. Generals Paget and Frazer also landed from the Niger. The troops are not released yet. The Halifax, lord James Townshend, is ordered to Sheerness to be docked. Captain George Morris has taken the command of the Magnet, a new sloop, at this port. Detachments of the 38th and 71st regiments came on shore last night, from Monte Video; they arrived in the Royalist transport. General Miranda is waiting on board the Alexandria for leave from government to proceed to London.

Deal, Dec. 31. A flag of truce arrived in the Downs last night from Calais, from whence she sailed yesterday morning; and about ten o'clock this morning a gentleman was landed from her, who, after waiting upon the port-admiral, set off for London. He is, from the court of Vienna, charged with dispatches for the Austrian ambassador in London. He came in the same vessel that conveyed Mr. Menz, the messenger, hither a little time back.

Portsmouth, Jan. 1. General Moore's troops are ordered to disembark in Kent.

They are released from quarantine, and will sail as soon as the wind is fair.—Arrived the Steady, 16 guns, lieutenant Stow, from Monte Video; parted from admiral Murray, in a gale of wind. Arrived also his majesty's ship Alban from the East Indies—The Hercule, 74, hon. captain Colville, and the Surveillante, sir G. Collier, came to Spithead this morning. The Indiamen also came up this afternoon, there being no chance of their sailing, the gales of wind from the South-west, are so frequent and violent. A passport arrived yesterday for general Miranda, and he set off for London last night. The Anson frigate, captain Lydiard, is lost in Mount's Bay, in a gale of wind. Captain Lydiard and many of the crew were unfortunately drowned.

Plymouth, Jan. 1. The Plymouth Mail had nearly met with a most serious accident on its return to town on Tuesday morning. On the other side of Honiton a bridge is washed away, and in order that no time should be lost in going round by another bridge, the mail generally goes through the water. By some mistake of the coachman he missed his way through, and got on some small pieces of rock, and stuck in the mud. The leading horses got off with the harness on them, and the bars at their heels, in which state they ran full speed a distance of four miles to Honiton, when they stopped at the inn they usually change at. The passengers were necessitated to get out, and those on the top to come off, and were up to their necks in mud and water, to lend assistance in getting the mail out, which they at last effected, and then proceeded with two horses to Honiton. None of them received the least injury.

Hull, Jan. 2. A heavy gale of wind came on at this place on Tuesday afternoon, and from six to eleven in the evening it blew tremendously hard. About seven o'clock the piles which form the east end of the coffer-dam, at the entrance of the new dock, were discovered to have given way, owing to the violence of the wind and tide. Fears were entertained for the safety of the works. A number of workmen were collected, but it being nearly high water the waves broke so furiously over the tops of the piles that it was almost impossible to approach the place where their assistance was most wanted. By the great exertions of the engineers, and the rest of the people employed, several supports were fixed during the night, between the walls of the bason and the inside of the piles; and the works were thus effectually secured before the morning tide. Other precautions have since been adopted, against the danger with which they were threatened. In the same evening the piling on the fore-shore of the Humber, on the ground belonging to Messrs. English, Earle, and Co. on the west side of the dock, and a large quantity of earth which had been thrown up for the purpose of making a road, were carried away. About forty yards of a very thick brick embankment in front of Mr. Anthony Atkinson's premises, a little distance from this town, was thrown quite down. The lead covering of St. John's Church, about thirty feet long, and twelve or thirteen broad, was also stripped off, and carried into the yard of the water-works. Part of the roof of a malt-kiln in Trinity-house lane was also blown down.

Plymouth, Jan. 2. On Thursday evening the gale increased at dead South to a perfect hurricane, and continued to blow with redoubled fury from 3 to 8 *post mer.* during which period the Confiance of 24 guns, capt. Yeo, the Milbrook 14, lieut. Leach, and the Portuguese Brazil ship, El Fama, all three lying between Mount Batten and Princess Anne's Battery, Catwater, the two former ships continually firing guns of distress; but it was so dark, and the sea ran in such mountains, no boat could venture off to their assistance: hundreds of people assembled on the pier, over which the sea ran with the greatest fury, and had nearly washed off several people. About a quarter past eight o'clock the gale moderated, and the wind veered round to the N.W. About 5, *p. m.* a retaken schooner, with fish and oil, parted her cables and went ashore on the rocks under Stonehouse Hill, where she now lies bulged. All

the nine frigates in the Sound rode out both gales safe and well. Came in, with damage, having lost her main-mast in a dreadful gale of wind, the Aid transport, supposed to have on board 370 of the German legion: she was one of the expedition under vice-admiral sir C. Cotton, which sailed near three weeks since.

Plymouth, Jan. 7. Yesterday a court-martial was held on the surviving officers and men of his Majesty's late frigate Anson, 44, captain Lydiard, (wrecked on the 27th ult. in Mount's Bay, in a violent gale of wind,) on board the Salvador del Mundo, 112, in Hamoaze, the hon. rear-admiral Bertie president, when, the Court, after hearing the melancholy recital of the causes which led to the unfortunate wreck of the Anson, and the officers and crew in their defence, unanimously acquitted the whole. It having been represented that there were several men in irons on board the Anson when she was lost, it is necessary to mention that it came out in evidence on the above court-martial, that there were not any seamen confined on board her when wrecked.

Edinburgh, Jan. 7. On Tuesday Barbara Allen was tried for the murder of her child about 18 months old, on the 8th ult. It was proved that she took the infant on her knee and poured down its throat a quantity of oil of vitriol, pretending that she was giving it raw sugar to clear its throat. The child lingered till the evening, and then died in excruciating torments. The trial lasted nearly all the day; and the jury, without any consideration, found her guilty. She was sentenced for execution on the 10th of February.

Deal, Jan. 15. 'Yesterday the wind having shifted suddenly from about S. S. W. to N. W. it began to blow violently, and during the night increased to a perfect hurricane. The morning light presented a most distressing spectacle; ships parting from their anchors, others drifting; some with the loss of top-masts and bowsprits, and some standing out of the Downs without either anchor or cable left; but providentially none have drove ashore, nor is it yet known that any have been lost. This day the wind continued with increased violence, and brought in a most tremendous sea, which at one time even threatened the destruction of the town. The foundations of a great number of houses next the sea have been undermined, store-houses have been swept away with their contents, and the ground-tiers of the houses filled with water. The sea during the tempest made a considerable breach between Sandown castle and the battery No. 1, which has inundated the chambers, and forced such a torrent of water into the lower streets of Deal, that the cellars have been completely filled, and property to a large amount totally destroyed. In a row of houses adjoining to Alfred-square the torrent was so deep that boats were obliged to be got down, and the miserable inhabitants taken out of their houses from the chamber windows. Several quays in the Beach-street, which had braved the fury of the elements for a series of years, have been totally destroyed, and the timber washed out to sea. The wind has since abated.'

Margate, Jan. 15. 'We have experienced one of the most dreadful gales that ever was known. All the bathing rooms are washed down but Woods'. The Parade is likewise washed down, and a great part of the pier: a number of vessels are destroyed. The whole damage is estimated at 25,000l.

'The town and harbour have suffered material damage. The wind during the night was accompanied by a remarkable high tide, which made a breach through the pier head, and carried away the parapet wall from the pier to the marine parade.'

London, Jan. 19. The following official communications were made to the Lord Mayor:

Downing-street, Jan. 19, 1808.

My Lord.—I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that major Murphy has arrived with dispatches from major-general Beresford, giving an account of the surrender of the island of Madeira, by capitulation, on the 24th of December last, to a detachment of his Majesty's forces, and a

squadron of his Majesty's navy, under the command of rear-admiral sir Sam. Hood.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
(Signed) Castlereagh.
To the right hon. the Lord Mayor.

Admiralty-Office, Jan. 19, 1808.

My Lord. — I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that lieutenant Geo. Henderson, of his Majesty's ship Centaur, has just arrived at this office, stating that the island of Madeira had surrendered by capitulation to his Majesty's arms, on the 24th of last month.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
(Signed) Mulgrave.
To the right hon. the Lord Mayor.

No hostilities preceded the surrender of the island. The governor, it is said, had previously received orders to deliver the island into the hands of the British government by way of security.

By the capitulation we are to keep it till Peace is restored between France and Portugal.

As soon as the island had been put in our possession a detachment of the British troops, about 2000 men, proceeded with the Captain, Intrepid, and York, to the West Indies.

Another Austrian Messenger arrived last night from Paris, at the house of M. de Stahremberg.—His name is Heregle.—

Jan. 20. M. deStahremberg, in obedience to the peremptory orders brought him by the messenger Heregle, who arrived on Monday night, will leave London either this evening or tomorrow morning. He will return to Vienna by the way of Paris, where his lady, who was at Brussels, is waiting his arrival. The departure of his excellency from this country will be followed by some declaration against us on the part of the Austrian government. All trade or communication with Trieste and Fiume is put an end to.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 23. At Norwich, the lady of George E. Mainwaring, esq. of a daughter.

30. At Winthorpe-grove, Nottinghamshire, Mrs. R. Pocklington, of a daughter.

At Horton-cottage, Bucks, the lady of William Bailey, esq. of a daughter.

In Grosvenor-place, the lady of Col. Wilder, M. P. of twins, sons.

Jan. 4. At Knowle, in Sussex, the lady of Lieut.-col. Alexander Hatson, of a daughter.

5. AtPalshull, Staffordshire, the lady of sir George Pigot, Bart. of a son.

At his house in Downing-street, the lady of the right Hon. Robert Dundas, of a daughter.

At Hallingburg-place, Essex, the lady of John Archer Horblon of a son.

In Gower-street, Mrs. Joseph Phillimore, of a son.

In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of William Holland, esq. of a son.

6. At Southwood House, isle of Thanet, the lady of Charles B. Colton, esq. of a daughter.

9. At Melton-Mowbray, Leicestershire, lady Elizabeth Norman, of a son.

In Bedford-square, the lady of sir Edmund Carrington, of a son.

In Parliament-street, the wife of Evan Thomas, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 22. At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, the rev. Thomas Peyton Slapp, of Newton Flotman, in Norfolk, to miss Beatty, only daughter of the late David Beatty, esq. of Dublin.

At Fulmer, the rev. Geo. Bethell, M. A. to miss Lightfoot, neice to William Frogatt, esq. of Fulmer-place, in that county.

26. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the rev. H. Symons, fellow of St John's College, Oxford, to miss Johnson, daughter of Andrew Johnson, esq. of Clapton.

25. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Mr. J. Pirk, of Dover-street, to miss M. A. Harvey, only daughter of Mr. D. Harvey, of Fairford, Gloucestershire.

Mr. James Elmes, Architect, of College-hill, to miss Eliza Jack, of Hackney, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Jack, esq. of Stone Haven.

Mr. D'Arcy, of Arklow, to miss A. Tomkin, of Gorey. On the following Tuesday, Mrs. D'Arcy, accompanied by her husband, came to Gorey, on a visit to her friends; and that night, while preparing for her bed, she was seized with a vomiting, and almost instantly expired.

28. At Freshwater Church, Isle of Wight, sir John Pringle Dalrymple, Bart. Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Malta, to Mary, second daughter of E. Rushford, esq. of Farrington Hill, in that isle.

At Chiswick, the rev. John Morris, A. M. of Ealing-green, to Miss A. F. Brande, youngest daughter of A. E. Brande, esq. of Chiswick.

Mr. Hughes, of Golden-square, to Madame Parisot, of the Opera House.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the rev. Marlow, President of St. John's College, Oxford, the rev. T. G. Clare, Fellow of the same College, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the rev. A. Daniell, of Lifford, in Ireland.

Jan. 2. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Campbell, esq. of Poland-street, to miss Essex, of Goodge-street.

4. At Weymouth, Captain J. R. Francklan, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to the eldest daughter of J. B. Butlers, Esq.

5. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the rev. James Moore, J. S. Horton, esq. captain of his Majesty's ship Princess of Orange, to Mrs. Whorwood, widow of the late H. M. Whorwood, esq. of Headington House, Oxfordshire.

8. At the church of St. Mary-le-bone, George Shee, esq. eldest son of sir G. Shee, Bart. to Jane, the eldest daughter of W. Young, esq. of Harley-street.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the rev. T. Baker, Francis Adams, esq. of Clifton, near Bristol, to miss Mary Shute Manley, fifth daughter of John Manley, esq. of Bloomsbury.

By special licence, at the house of H. M. Hoare, esq. York-place, the right hon. Lord Keith, K. B. &c. &c. to miss Thrale, eldest daughter of the late Henry Thrale, esq.

DEATHS.

Dec. 25. At his seat at Belton, in Lincolnshire, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, the right hon. Brownlow Cust, Lord Brownlow. He was the only son of the late right hon. sir John Cust, Bart. Speaker of the House of Commons; in remuneration of whose services in that office, he was advanced to the peerage in 1776. His lordship was twice married; first to miss Drury, daughter and co-heiress of sir Thomas Drury, of Oberstone, in Northamptonshire, and sister of the late countess of Buckinghamshire, and secondly, to miss Bankes, only daughter of sir H. Bankes, of Wimbledon, by whom he has left a numerous issue. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the hon. John Cust, M. P. for the Borough of Clithero.

29. In the 82d year of his age, the rev. Nath. Wetherell, D. D. dean of Hereford, master of —— University College, Oxford, and prebendary of Westminster.

Jan. 3. At his house in Lower Brook-street, general Leland, late member for Stamford, and colonel of the 64th regiment of foot.

4. At his house in King-street, Wesminster, in the 74th year of his age, Mr. George Fairbairne, locksmith to his Majesty.

5. At his seat at Idsworth Park, in the county of Hants, Jervois Clerke Jervois, Esq. M. P. for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight.

6. Miss Webber, only daughter of Benjamin Webber, esq. late of Oporto, in her 27th year.

9. At his house, Millpond-bridge, Bermondsey, Thomas Carter, esq. in the 66th year of his age, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Surry.

12. At her house, in Portland-place, the hon. Mrs. S. Wortley Mackenzie.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Terrors of Conscience.